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VOL. LXXXI

No. 4

THE

YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES Cantabunt Sosoles, unanimique PATRES,"

JANUARY, 1916.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Eighty-first Volume with the number for October, 1915. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the University. In the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in Osborn Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competitors of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 20th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Business Manager or his authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Business Manager.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the EDITORIAL MANAGEMENT of the periodical must be addressed to Charles Rumford Walker, Jr., Chairman. Communications with regard to the Business Management to Jacob Sterling Halstead, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of The YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale IStation, New Haven, Conn.

Yale Literary Magazine.

Vol. LXXXI

JANUARY, 1916

No. 4

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1916.

GORDON BODENWEIN HOWARD SW DAVID OSBORNE HAMILTON CURTIS BUR CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER, JR.

HOWARD SWAZEY BUCK CURTIS BURTON MUNSON

BUSINESS MANAGER
JACOB STERLING HALSTEAD.

MAROONED.

In the good old seafaring days when a mariner was marooned and stood on the shore watching his ship dipping out to open sea, he at least knew it. He stroked his beard—if he had one—and in two shakes of a lamb's tail realized that he was "up against it." Unless Chance happened to spread its wings and cover him, he was to stay here, lulled to madness by the wash of the waves upon the sandy shore, till the flesh fell from his bones. Never again should he enter the stream of life, never again know what men were doing, or have his soul moulded by the romance of reality. Naturally it bothered him. As years passed he would eat and sleep and think and his thinking would take on rather the form of an eddy spinning round and round. If a bird chanced to fly high over his island he would notch a stick and lie awake all night trembling with excitement. Thus passed the life of a marooned mariner.

Birds have flown high over the Campus. Of course they do not keep anyone awake and trembling, though if your mind is running on marooned mariners and islands and things you instinctively wonder whether the Freshman last fall stroked his beard—if he had one—and realized that in the next four years he might be lulled to madness. Is New Haven too small, are there too many college questions, or why do none of us ever hear of the outside world? Surely it is not the structure of the country! East and West Rocks do not make a Swiss com-

munity out of us, and yet the intermarriage of ideas has produced a conversation that is a horrid libel on humanity. The utter sterility of most college topics indulged in as philosophical abstractions by the athletes and semi-intellectuals is only outbalanced in desolate dreariness by the forced literary discussions of the "intellectuals" themselves.

It makes little difference whether you loathe the book under discussion or have not even read it, you must listen all the same. Aye! they can give you thoughts from green books—blue, black or red—and their wit consists in running up with the right piece of quotation for the jig-saw puzzle at the proper time. This is very attractive for a few moments after dinner, though to make it one's life seems rather pointless. A cry arises for the abolition of compulsory Chapel—it is a strong cry and not to be denied. A quibble is used—something about two kinds of chapel—and though absolutely nothing is changed by it—men flock quietly in, contented with a lie. Instead of this Battell should now be a mass of smoking ruins, a sacrifice of Deceit and Hypocrisy to God.—But, then, suddenly we see it all. We are marooned!

How can we remedy the fact that the man from Yale has to spend his summer vacation in reading up back newspapers or otherwise getting in touch with the world again? Might we not bribe men with outside interests to come and live among us—men who had been successful and unsuccessful in various spheres, men with Chinese whiskers and pasts, men who were active and bright, men who would lend a glamor of romance to the rooms in which they lived—and, above all, men who had lived away—as far away as possible—from Yale!

Curtis Munson

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UNSUNG.

Unsung.

то ——

Why must I climb thy ladder, pallid Fear,
High as the shifting battlements of cloud,
Wearing upon my shoulders like a shroud
The lyric garments of the flying year?

Garments of breath whose souls have taken way
Along the cypress paths of faded song,
Who as they walk, do weep and pass along
To taste their silences eternally.

But O thou fragrance of new buds that stir Within the closure of my spirit's wood! These fresh unleavings and this promise good Tell of Love's hand, and his new Gardener.

C. R. Walker, Jr.

THE CULT OF ARTISTIC FOG.

THIS is a day of mist worshippers. Not in the field of landscape painting only, where impressionism has blurred our love of line, but in every region of artistic expressiveness. In literature I am thinking of overestimated Shelley, whose hinting vagueness is mistaken too often for spiritual depth. There are too many minds to-day trained in a sort of slovenly Romantic school, who prefer the suggestive nuances of a cultivated technique to the grandeur of classic conception. The real sorrow with me is that they forget that the great theme must come first and make rich the ground for the growth of technique. In a word, it is a day that is inclined to prefer Swinburne to Dante.

In unfolding this idea, which is in a fashion an inditement, I shall take example from two fields for the sake of clarity: from painting, from literature. The question is one of definiteness and simplicity of expression as opposed to emotional rapture and suggestive glamor. For reasons of familiarity I shall go directly to marine painting, and shall illustrate by a discussion of the work of Paul Dougherty and Winslow Homer.

The point of my example lies in the fact (as I see it) that Homer is the greatest artist. This I shall try to explain. Dougherty is unquestionably the superior in color, drawing, and—of less importance—technique. In contrast to Winslow Homer's worst definite fault, his lack of a fine color sense as seen in so much of even his best work—for instance, his "Cannon Rock"—there is the wealth of Paul Dougherty's unsurpassed color. Brilliancy and surety of effect are never absent. No finer bit of sea-coloring has been executed than his pictures of the Cornish coast in the last few years. Where Homer was either afraid to use strong color or did use it with sometimes unfortunate effects, Mr. Dougherty seems to shower his glowing canvases with his priceless gifts, carelessly and freely as a young God descending from Olympus. And there is

something undeniably great and magnificent in this, something commanding homage and admiration. Though his superiority in drawing is less noticeable, it is still decided. He has the innate sense of line and grace without weakness. He knows exactly what water will do when placed in a certain position. It is as if both were sculptors and Mr. Dougherty had studied anatomy and Winslow Homer had not. And it must be remembered that the mere fact that Mr. Dougherty had the advantages of a Paris training while Winslow Homer studied only in this country, does not in any way alter the result. And finally and of least importance comes technique. A Chicago artist once said that Paul Dougherty knew twice as much about painting as Winslow Homer. And truly his technique is almost a fault. His canvases are all prepared with what he calls a solid foundation of paint before he uses them. And just as Mr. Tarbell can not be called a great artist because to him the mere mechanical method of putting paint to canvas has assumed the place of supreme importance, so Mr. Dougherty is almost too proficient here.

In two main points, then, as well as that of technique. Paul Dougherty is Winslow Homer's superior. And yet it is my firm conviction that Homer is the greater artist, that the works he has left are as a whole of greater value than any which Paul Dougherty has yet produced. The reason for this conviction lies in the definiteness of Homer's tremendous conceptions. It is the conception alone that has interested him—technique, etc.. are but accessories and in themselves of no interest whatsoever. The breaking swell in his famous picture of Prout's Neck, Maine, is simple almost to the fault of being unintelligible. Its minute configurations were details with which he did not concern himself. In short, he seems a man of greater, more terrible genius than the other—a greater soul, with clumsier fingers—the old balancing law of all-wise Nature. Their question is the same as that of two poems, one winged with subtle lyricism and shadowy suggestion; the other a great, unclouded idea with most definite and inescapable connotation. connotation be tremendous, it gathers ten-fold strength from the very fact that it is inescapable. Mere intrinsic beauty, say of the Cornish coast, failed to satisfy the older painter. One critic said of him shortly after his death, "He willingly sacrificed charm to dynamic effect." This must not be understood to imply that he portrayed wilder scenes than has Mr. Dougherty. The latter's tremendous surf pictures have seldom, if ever, been equaled. One lady, a friend of the artist, while looking at his "Northern Sky," now in the Art Institute of Chicago, exclaimed fervently, "It's the last terrible heave when you know you've got to go below!" Mr. Dougherty's "Land and Sea," which first attracted attention to a new voice in the world of art, has something of the definite connotation which is such an essential element in Homer's work. And it is this human connotation, for he often uses figures, that sets Homer in my estimation above Mr. Dougherty. It is for the same reason that made me speak of portraiture as perhaps a nobler school than landscape.

In one or two cases, however, he pushed this powerful human connotation too far, over into the realms of the melodramatic and bombastic—a fault which Mr. Dougherty happily escapes, as an article in the International Studio points out. This, I think, was what caused one critic to say that "Mr. Homer's 'Gulf Stream' occupies its position (Prize picture) somewhat unsteadily." This picture, familiar to all frequenters of the Metropolitan Galleries, shows a half-naked negro lying on the deck of a dismantled sloop in the South Seas. The negro's eyes are fixed despairingly on the almost invisible shape of a retreating vessel, his last hope. To the right in the dim distance, is a water-spout, and in the foreground about the lurching sloop are the sharp fins and backs of hungry sharks clearly seen through the bright water. Truthful or not, this is certainly too much. Has he not used artistically illegitimate means to stir us, as to a far more horrible degree, Shelley did in his Cenci?—But now contrast with this his tremendous "Life Line." Here are two figures, that of a sailor holding the almost lifeless form of a young girl in his arms while being dragged ashore over the breeches-buoy. They are just between two tremendous surges, and even then the sagging life-line seems to be dangling them perilously near the raging surf below. You can not see the sailor's face at all. Definite and simple, the whole scene—two huddled

figures between two waves—yet what tremendous intrinsic suggestion! There is the terrible, inescapable question, Will those two forms be there when that wave descending as surely as the darkness must follow the day has swept over them, on and by? Life and Death seem to have met for one terrible instant between those two seas. To me this is infinitely greater than any wonderful rendering of beating surf and long swell, no matter *how* inimitably and powerfully done.

Let me take an analogy from literature—Byron, in particu-Avowedly Byron was the upholder of the old classic models of Pope and Dryden, the Greek Unities, and so forth. Notwithstanding the seeming contradiction of almost all his best work and the decision of modern critics regarding him as the most brilliant, though by no means the profoundest, exponent of the Romantic School, there is a good deal of truth in the poet's own statement. 'As Mr. Paul Elmer More has pointed out, there runs a classic strain through his art which is of the utmost importance. His descriptions are always concrete and with a most definite human connotation. He had no great ideas, but his thoughts became great thoughts because they were such passionate, almost tangible, human emotions and not mere poetical raptures. What is to me the most powerful single passage in English poetry, the contrasted description of Lake Leman in storm with the preceding calm, is full of this direct analogy between the visible splendor of the mountains and the poet's own soul-not mere pagan delight in Nature, nor spiritual rapture nor wonder and amazement. There is meaning in it all. Take the tremendous close of that tremendous poem, his famous apostrophe to the Ocean:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
Stops with the shore."

Everything is concrete, definite, but there is not a single line of actual description in the whole passage! Yet could anything give better the splendor and glory of the great sea? Nothing has, at any rate—no one—not Winslow Homer. But the greatness of both is identical. In a word, it is the tremendous, definite human connotation.

Byron, quite aside from his satires in the style of Pope, was not a pure Romanticist. He embodied much of the best in each. Now whether or not a turn is near, certainly the modern tendency is still away from classicism of thought. Look at the poetry of Noyes, the pictures of Zorolya, or the great Claude Monet—a tendency actually responsible for such monstrosities as the Futurists and the Cubists. It is the deposing of intellectual for spiritual rapture, the sensation of "rapture," or, as someone excellently put it, "dignifying emotional revery as thought." This accounts for what in my eyes is the present over-rating of Shelley. But sponsors of Shelley are in no way at a loss for arguments. Their claim that such a spiritual height is a greater thing than what we may call Dante's physical depth—that to soar with the spirit is a nobler end than to strike at the roots of human nature and mankind-must surely be considered and not determined by any preconceived notions. Both sides have much weight. And in the case of the more solid but not wholly "classic" spirit, it can be fairly urged that one great attribute of high art, spontaneity, and the idea of this spirit are almost paradoxical. It is a studied effect, is therefore more inevitable but seldom spontaneous. The art of Paul Dougherty—a much saner enthusiasm than Shelley's. to be sure, because not inspired by a disembodied spirit, but by the very real and poetical sea-his art, I say, on the same grounds whereby Shelley has been exalted, can be called greater than Homer's. The modern tendency endorses this spirit. It is for the individual to decide whether justly or not.

Our treatment has considered Turner in order to get a clearer idea from his failure of what that real school of marine painting is in which Homer and Dougherty have won their success. It has tried to contrast the two painters themselves. In the field of literature it has taken up Byron and Shelley—the analogy between their relation to one another and that of Homer and Paul Dougherty. No attempt has been made to advance a conclusive answer to the question always raised. The answer is not the important thing. For can an artist, if he asks himself that question, answer it with, This is the greatest; henceforth I will work with this alone? Obviously no. For obviously some subjects are inseparable from

a romantic or mystic treatment, and would be absolutely ridiculous treated with any Dantean reserve. This is one reason why Botticelli's work, in spirit so unrestrained and lyrical, vet wrought in such cold, hard colors and with a workmanship classic and even severe, seems so half incomprehensible, incon-The treatment and the interpretation must harmonize. It is a question of the relative greatness of two themes or of two interpretations of a single theme, each taken at its best. For of course a supreme achievement on the lesser side, whichever that may be, is likely to prove infinitely better than a mediocre achievement on the side whose maximum potentiality, nevertheless, overreaches it. Without venturing on the interesting question as to whether it is worthier to fail in a nobler end than to win in a less aspiring cause, we can conclude that in deciding the merits of the two sides, the artist is merely verifying very important landmarks. His use of them is something which must reckon with his own personal artistic ability and many another weighty factor. He certainly can not say, I will pursue this one course at all times because when at its best it is the greatest. Of course there is no sure recipe for great art. And here the definite answer is of less importance than the consideration of both sides. It is an inescapable problem; its answer is a valuable help, but it can never be conclusive. If there is any conclusive answer, it is in that most unsatisfactory of courses which so many professors are forced to adopt in concluding their lectures—that the real truth, after all, "lies between the two".-It would be so much more satisfactory if it were only one or the other, once and for all. the supreme artists have actually embraced both. The Greek Homer did, and our Shakespeare. He had the power of intrinsic, definite meaning and connotation, coupled with the ability to forget it all again in such a phrase as, "A wild dedication of yourselves to unpathed waters, undreamed shores." In him the riddle stands ultimately solved. But amongst the lesser giants of poetry and painting it remains as much of an ever-present and ever-pressing problem as before.

Howard Buck.

QUIETUDE.

Your voice has followed like a temple bell,
Rung in some long-forgotten old world tower,
Far down the dusky years. I cannot tell
In what lost world awoke the golden hour
That dreamed your love. This only know I: now
In the uncertain labyrinth of ways
I've found you. . . . Hear, the brook is laughing, low,
And every blossom with the night wind sways.

Low-stretching plains are harried by the wind,
Seas, stars and worlds stretch endlessly and far,
But may death, swift across the ages, find
Our souls in silent peace, as now they are;
And, like a dusky curtain falling, be
Sleep without dreaming . . . love's finality.

John C. Farrar.

MERTON HEIGHTS.

A N imposing lady whom I learned later was known as "the lady of interference" in Merton Heights, approached Mr. Rideau as he put down his cup of tea. There was a healthy sneer hidden beneath her cordial smile, and she was unable to keep it quite out of her voice.

"Will you gratify us on to-morrow night?" she asked.

"In all my best I shall obey you, madam," returned Rideau. "I shall see to it that circumstances compel my absence."

This left a ripple in the conversation, and he arose, quite stately among the tea cups, and stalked out. I caught his arm and steered him away toward a wooded walk. To the best of my knowledge his whole life had been dawdled amid tea cups and masques, and ladies who would touch his hand, and peaked matrons whom he might stab with his tongue. And I suppose, unless his cradle had been here, there must have been a Merton Heights before this one, where he sat out the August days before his cheeks grew yellowish. He had come to Merton Heights without any past, as curiously enough, half the inhabitants had. Or if they had really owned one they kept it well hidden like the new psychic ghost, that appears only after death, and sometimes even omits that courtesy. There was a dash of unreality over the place. Mrs. Cawley, for example, the "lady of interference," seemed ever on the point of making a host of friends, never having really made one. But above them all stood Carl Rideau, to my mind the quintessence of the egg-shell. He was the most superbly supercilious man I have ever met, marvelous in his inexhaustibility, and novelty. There was one blemish, however: the streak of dignity in his voice. I remembered this, and tapped the egg-shell to see if it would break.

"Do you see this view," said I, putting forth my antennae on his spirit, "of the sky and the sea and the sun's rays throwing their crimson over these rocky heights? What do you think of it?"

"Perfectly splendid!" he began automatically, and then on the heels of this, "but barren, useless."

"Useless?"

"Yes; nobody here appreciates it. Certainly," he concluded, "I do not."

"What is your philosophy?" I said, dispensing with antennae. He turned to me with such shrieking mirth that I hardened my hardened nerves for his reply.

"To live up to one's ideals," he returning, stunning me with conventionality.

"Well, what are yours?" I pursued.

"To respect all," he returned gravely, "in whose well being one's own happiness consists."

That was the end of our nature walk. I was surprised to find he had a logically damnable creed for a consistently damnable life, but I felt instinctively no man could be purely satanic, so I undertook to prove my thesis of mixed nobility—remembering the dignity in his voice.

A week later I caught a clue at the masqued ball. Mrs. Domremy was scolding her own forgetfulness for having left her wrist bag at home with her throat tablets and spectacles, when Rideau unexpectedly became gallant. He offered to brave the night storm to Mrs. Domremy's cottage, and bring them, which he did, missing the first dance, and wetting and soiling the sleeves of his costume. That was of tragic calibre for Rideau; therefore I rated the deed high. In the palm room of the hotel the next afternoon I attacked him, smiling:

"I know you despise all old people except yourself," I said, "and therefore where was the egoism in last night's achievement."

For a moment he sat staring at me with no smile on his face. Then suddenly the curtains parted and a young woman came into the palm room. He arose at once and took the hand she offered him. It was Miss Domremy.

"This is Mr. Rideau, is it not? Mother wants you so much to come to our informal dansant, to-morrow afternoon. Can you?" After she had passed through the curtains during Rideau's elaborate bow of dismissal, he turned to me again,

falling back into his old weariness: "It's explained, is it not?" he said. "Higher mathematics, you see."

The room grew closer and closer; I fancied from the compressed opinions in both our heads.

"Is it smoke," said Rideau, suddenly looking toward the curtained door. I looked and there were tiny blue wreaths pushing their way through the curtains.

"Come," said he, "there may be genuine excitement; let us look at the stairway."

It was in blue-black clouds in the hall rolling from floor to ceiling, but only a few human forms were prancing in terror, for everyone walked at the Heights at this hour.

"Let us retire," he commented, "or we shall be cooked. Ah, me! Merton Heights will not, I fear, be restored like Pompeii."

"There may be guests in their rooms," I said.

"How practical you are," he fretted, looking into my face. We watched the structure leap into flame, fanned by the sea breeze, as we stood on the tennis court a hundred yards

sea breeze, as we stood on the tennis court a hundred yards distant. The half-dozen women who had been in their rooms stood beside us, with a medley of clothes under each arm, and their jewels in their hands.

"I am almost saddened by it," Rideau was saying; "but what a splendid fire it is. If it were only night, the burning of Troy would be rivaled."

Some woman made a whispered interruption: "Did Mrs. Cawley come out?"

"I think," added another with unpleasant sensation, "she was asleep in her room at two."

Rideau looked about the group. "Has anyone here seen the 'lady of interference'?"

Timidly a little lady with both arms stuffed with blankets answered: "She was still in her room at four, for I heard breathing when I passed."

Rideau had put both hands to his head. His eyes were bright.

"To singe or not to singe," he said. Suddenly he brought his hands down with a groan and his perfect pompadour and forehead curls were in them. The company gasped, and handing the wig to me, he sprinted bald-pated across the plain. The proprietor made after, to check him, but Rideau outran him and dove in the smoke.

After aeons of waiting, during which we screamed like unnerved children, Rideau appeared through the flaming lobby with Mrs. Cawley. We smothered them in blankets to quench the flames that ran up their clothing.

In the stillness of his room, when his curls were well readjusted on his forehead, and the doctor was binding his brave wounds with healing ointment and aseptic bandage, I glowered over him, in the glory of self-complacency:

"I have snared you at last, you teller of modest lies. Take my hand, Knight."

"You were wrong," he said, "wrong again. It was purely a matter of self-interest. She was my wife."

C. R. Walker, Jr.

FRIENDSHIP.

You, perhaps, recall those golden ways
Filled with road-dust, bounteous light and scent
Of countless undreamed flowers, when we went
With souls bared each to each, and to the breeze;
Counting old cares grown to glad memories;
Talking away the holidays?

Last night when I had clasped your hands and seen Your happy faces in the candle light I went to talk a little to the night Of our great love that still was very close, But as I said farewell, a mist arose Like to her love—between.

John Chipman Farrar.

GEORGES RODENBACH.

"POETRY is feeling confessing itself to itself, in moments of solitude, and embodying itself in symbols which are the nearest possible representation of the feeling in the exact shape in which it exists in the poet's mind." In this definition of J. S. Mill we find, perfectly summarized, the underlying principle of the symbolist school of poetry, which, heralding the era of a new versification, so deeply transformed the conservatism of traditional French poetry. The foremost Belgian exponents of this modern school are Maeterlinck on one hand and Verhaeren on the other, and, second to none but Verhaeren, perhaps, his schoolmate of former days, Rodenbach.

Georges Rodenbach was born in Tournai, in 1855, in a family that gave Belgium ardent patriots and one of its greatest Flemish poets, whom an unkind fate carried off likewise in the springtime of his life. Georges Rodenbach was a pale, blue-eyed dreamer, perpetually lost in the mist, a prince of solitude always shrouded in mystery, who passed through the world without ever sacrificing the dearness of his dreams on the altars of the crowds. He never wrote for success or popularity, but he attained both in working for the pure satisfaction of his artistic ideals.

His youth was spent in Ghent and in Bruges, whose bard he was destined to remain in the eye of posterity. His soul has become identified with that of Bruges-the-dead, the grey town of quiet and seclusion, with its winding streets heavy with peace and silence, its solitary canals that sleep between cold walls, reflecting the whiteness of graceful swans, the timid flicker of street lamps, or the scintillation of the stars at night. Bruges, with its tortuous maze of old houses, scarred and gnawed by rain and time, shivering in the dampness of a cold air under a dripping coat of ivy. Bruges, with the erect pride of its crowned Belfry, in the middle of the fallen town. Nobody but a true poet could have given a lasting picture of that

world of melancholy, and Rodenbach was a true poet. We find him studying law at the University of Ghent, but as soon as he has received his diploma he leaves for Paris, the "Ville Lumière"—in quest of the glory that will crown his dreams. He soon returns to his country, however, the prey of a vague nostalgia: the grey of the skies of the North too strongly clung to his soul.

It is the time of his struggles against the national indifference for arts, for literature especially; he arises against the narrow one-sidedness of the "bourgeois" soul, full of mediocrities and paltriness. In "L'Art en Exil" he tells of the solitude of the pioneers of Belgian literature, of the indifference of the crowd, stubbornly bent on the pursuit for the materiality of life; and his sentimentality caused him, more than any other, to suffer from that public ostracism of the masses. people whose only interest resides in life's realities, those who find their sole motive for enthusiasm in the manifestations of strength or in the triumph of realistic emotions, those who only appreciate the forceful qualities that characterize the style of a Verhaeren or a Lemonnier, those did not and could not like his literature. But even in his first works, "Fover des Champs" and "Tristesses"—sins, he said, which he later scarcely dared confess—he showed himself a real poet, whose verses, artistically chiseled like jewels vibrating with emotions. showed the exquisite refinement of sentiments which was subsequently to develop in a temperate lyricism, whose domain will be the world-old but always young sadnesses and joys of the heart. In Paris, where he returns again, he falls under the influence of Baudelaire and Mallarmé, which transforms him into a high priest of a cult of worldliness that causes him to despise nature. "La Mer Elégante" and "L'Hiver Mondain" are verses supremely, enchantingly musical, but their grace cannot make us forget the hollowness of all that brilliant artificiality. Indeed, the poet himself is fully aware of the quaint affectedness of his Muse:

> "Elle est sentimentale et mièvre, Son charme est artificiel; Si ses yeux sont d'un bleu de ciel, Elle met du rouge à sa lèvre."

But he was too real an artist at heart not to feel the fallacy of mistaking prettiness of form for sincerity of thought. All that glitters is not gold, and Rodenbach better than anyone else knew it. "La Jeunesse Blanche" formed the true stepping stone of his career as a great poet. There it is that he fully develops his delightful originality and the deep sincerity of a verse that finds an echo in our soul. It is the things of his childhood which he evokes, of his youth, pensive and grave, and the soothing quietness of the Flemish town where he spent his early years. The music of his rhythm lulls like the song of the wind at sea. The poet said it himself, "Je veux des mots musiciens." His new ways of expressing old ideas, his impalpable words for familiar dreams charm through the intensity of their individualism:

"Il est une heure exquise, à l'approche des soirs Quand le ciel est empli de processions roses Qui s'en vont, effeuillant des âmes et des roses Et balançant dans l'air des parfums d'encensoir."

We find, here and there, verses that have been written under the influence of Baudelaire:

> "Dans le deuil, dans le noir et le vide des rues, La Pluie, elle s'égoute à travers nos remords Comme les pleurs muets des choses disparues, Comme les pleurs tombant de l'oeil ferme des morts Dans le deuil, dans le noir et le vide des rues!"

But far from being the effect of a servile following, they are the result of a perfect and sincere understanding between the dreams of the master and those of the disciple. Along with those stanzas of sadness and dejection, we find lines ringing with the genuine enthusiasm of youth:

> "Quel orgueil, d'être seul, les mains contre son front, À noter des vers doux comme des accords de lyre Et, songeant à la mort prochaine, de se dire: Peut-être que j'écris des choses qui vivront!"

The rapidity of the success that crowned the poet's work was due to the fact that he always remained a man of his race. The individualism of his natural authority had not been corrupted by his sojourn in Paris; well, to the contrary, had his language benefited through the acquisition of a greater suppleness which it imperiously needed to translate the versatility

of the thousand shades which the special sensibility of his mind suggested. "Le Règne du Silence" and "Les Vies Encloses" definitely confirmed the style of the poet, who is also now freeing himself little by little from the strict rules of parnassian versification. He always excels in expressing the mysterious soul of familiar things by harmonious images and ' symbols; old rooms "les chambres qu'on croirait d'inanimés decors"; or canals "les canaux qui ont un coeur . . . ce coeur plus complique qu'on coeur de femme." He is preëminently the painter of the sadness of crepuscule, of the shadow invading the rooms, shrouding the walls and tapestries, clinging to books and pictures, surging on the carpets, and hesitating around the frame of the windows. He also sings the soul of the stones, of the bells that make Sundays so sad, of the voices of silence in the calm of night. But perfection is not of this. world, and poets are human. We sometimes regret to find Rodenbach exaggerating the disquietude of quotidian things to an extreme that borders on puerility, to an extraordinary quaintness that queerly dances in his fantastic verses.

The most noticeable feature of the poet's work is probably the unity of his inspiration, born out of his fealty to the ideals of his nostalgic dreams. He always keeps in mind the vision of a distant Bruges, lost far away in a nimbus of mystic beauty, sleeping in a hieratic calm. In his poetry as well as in his prose. Bruges is uniformly there as a discreet inspirer that associates its essential presence with the state of mind of the poet. The style of Rodenbach is always very much the . same, whether he be a novel writer or a poet; and many a page of his novels is poetry in prose. "Bruges-la-Morte" is probably the best known of his prose works, the success of which is due to the astonishing assimilation of the soul of the dead woman bewept by the hero, Hugues Viane, with the sad soul of dead Bruges. "Musée de Beguines" is a subtle weaving of musical narrations in the somewhat puerile frame of the childishly calm life of the Flemish nuns, the "beguines." His next work in prose was "Le Voile," a symbolist play, the first one written by a Belgian author that was produced at the Comedie Française of Paris; it was, at bottom, another invocation of Bruges. 'All the best qualities of the prose writer.

as well as those that made the fame of the poet, are united in "Le Carillonneur," wherein we find the beauty of the melancholy town of Flanders gravely compromised by the probable building of a sea harbor outside of the gates of the city, and Joris Borluut, the chimer, vainly struggling to save Bruges from the grip of industrialism. Bruges is a mummy, it is true, but its sleep is triumphant and beautiful. "The waters are inert, the houses closed, the bells whisper in the mist. There lies the secret of its charm. What need is there to see it become alike to others? It is unique. One wanders through it as through a dream. . . ."

It was natural that Rodenbach's popularity should have been based principally on his novels; pure poetry never finds great praise amidst the ignorance of a philistine crowd. nevertheless it is Rodenbach the poet, and not the prose writer that will leave the most durable impression on posterity. The form of his versification had gradually evolved since its beginnings; he had broken the chains of the alexandrine, and adopted the less vigorous form of the free verse in "Le Miroir du Ciel Natal." Once more—for the last time, as he was to die soon-he sang the reminiscences of the towns of the North; and once more we find the same charm of daring analogies and troubling symbols expressed in the quietness of familiar things; the lamp in the dark is "a smile of light" and "a white rose that suddenly blooms in grey garden of evening": and again, there is Bruges:—"une surtout, la plus triste des villes grises"; and the souvenirs of his childhood, the broken voice of old chimes trembling in the cold of the opaque mist, and the splendid nonchalance of the swans that glide on black waters:

"Les cygnes dans le soir ont soudain deplié Leurs ailes, parmi l'eau qu'un clair de lune moire. On y sent se lever un frisson qui va croitre Comme le long du feuillage des peupliers."

The talent of Rodenbach is very personal, very refined in the originality of its melancholy. His acute sensibility is always the same, in his novels as well as his poems. He prefers the dimness of dull shades to the rutilant glitter of gorgeous jewels; he flees from the magnificent glare of a midday sun to the cold glimmer of a metallic moon. He likes whiteness, the

white of the swans, the white of snow, the white of laces and diamonds. It is not untrue that some of his verses may be too purely intellectual, and also that his anxiety to identify his yearning for silence and calm with a world of quiescence and peace sometimes leads him to affectedness and gongorism. But his verse is always delicately wrought and chiseled, always suggestive of deep emotions that created in literature a new mystic ecstasy which will always be a refuge of captivating seductions for those who find in Dream a solace for the Realities of life.

Robert P. Pflieger.

PORTFOLIO.

ONE OF THE OTHERS.

"And wit ye well that there were others before St. George. And they likewise assailed the Dragon."

Above me, blank and smooth and high, The blackened cliffs shut out the sky: Beneath me lay the rust-red ground. The road stretched like a half-healed wound Straight for the cave, and higher, higher, Dazzling my lance-point with strange fire, The sun, a crimson bubble, swirled To burst in splendor on the world!

It flared and vanished. Darker still The thin road grew; the air was chill; I rode and sang—and, good to hear, My brave horse whinnied. Chill and clear, The echoes croaked like evil birds,.... As when some naked swimmer braves The black suck of the oily waves That close above him, thick and smooth, And cries of gulls, like screaming words, Stab him with memories of youth.

....And I remembered the green pool, The lucent water, clear and cool, Like a great stream of living light, Star-strewn with lilies.

Very white Seemed the cool, bubble-beaded flesh, And very gold the tangled mesh Of hair...

My dream broke, and I saw
That sudden as a tiger springs
The cave was on me. Counsellings,
Old rhymes, dead magic, words of awe,
Rushed through me. All the plain was white,
Lit with a pale and rotting light,
That shone like scum upon a marsh;
And, thinly crumbling, faint and harsh,
The bones crunched softly underfoot.
Ahead, like some thirst-tortured mouth,
Blackened and withered up with drouth,
The cave gaped, twisted as a root.....
Margot would leave her bathing now
And slowly walk among the fields
Where the tall shocks stand all arow,

And, even now, the lush broom yields
An acrid fragrance... Yesterday
The funeral torches of the day
Smoked redly all across the skies
And I looked down into her eyes,
Her cloudy hair...her passionate hands...
The pale flame spurted in great bands
From the cave-mouth...and earth and sky
Tottered and crumbled... Horribly
The great folds wound about my throat,
Writhing in rivers of blue scales.
Margot! At last the spirit fails,
The lungs burst...Close beside the moat
We kissed...I saw my hand shrink up
Withered and black with flame...How high
The tall corn stands! too tall to spy...
About the hilt you bound it fast,
One golden hair. I grip it so
And thrust deep, deep...Margot! Margot!
The world breaks, dims....A fiery cup
Flared at my lips. I drank at last.

S. V. Benét.

The prickly, itchy music maddened me. It got beneath my collar and scratched my neck. I thought I should go into a frenzy. Instead, I stepped out onto the porch, and covering my ears with my hands, ran as far from it as I could.

After a while, I went up to a window and peeked through. It was just the same as before, just the same. Girls in green, girls in pearls, girls in pumps, red and flustered, surging endlessly on, propelled by perspiring males. And behind it all jerked the incorrigible music.

"Is there *really* no one here with sense beside myself?" I cried. "Are they are equally inane, vacuous, drivelling? Come, I can't be the only intelligent person here." A look of intense purpose came into my face. "I shall make three attempts to find my intellectual equal, my cultured peer. And the first shall be the lovely Gaudeline."

So saying, I charged into the press and emerged with the blondish creature.

"Sit down," I commanded when we had reached the porch railing.

She obeyed quietly, and my hopes began to rise. Leaning towards her slightly in the moonlight, the moon was three-quarters full and very pretty, I began:

> "Tell me where is Fancy bred, Or in the heart, or in the head? How begot, how nourished? Reply, reply."

"Tee, hee," replied Gaudeline.

Stung with disappointment, and stifling a small sob, which might have been taken for frustrated wrath, I pushed her off the railing. She fell a matter of eighteen feet into a hydrangea bush. I left her struggling feebly with the odor.

"No soul, no depth, no sense," I wailed unhappily.

Again I essayed the hurly burly, this time emerging with Ruth-Robelia. I stood her up against the house.

"Ruth-Robelia," I commenced quietly, conscious of a certain note of bitterness in my voice. "Articles which are related to each other in this complementary fashion are almost as common as those which are related to each other in competitive fashion. Various articles of food are used in combination, as, for instance, bread and butter, or the elements of which a sandwich is composed. Ruth-Robelia, what have you to say to this?"

"Tee, hee," replied Ruth-Robelia.

Uttering no sob this time, making no moan of any kind, I flung her from me upon the floor and walked scornfully on over her inert body.

"And now for my third and last venture," I muttered grimly. "If I be disappointed now, I shall never speak to woman more. Ermiewoode, the fate of womankind shall lie with you."

I led her to a hammock. In my left hand I clutched a pair of scissors, cool and glittering, ready to cut the rope.

"Ermiewoode," I began with caustic calmness, and this time I was conscious of no note at all in my voice, "Ermiewoode, do you know the law of Boyle?"

The scissors almost involuntarily sought the rope. A slight tremor passed through the lady's body, was transmitted by the hammock, and entered my body almost simultaneously. By the light of the moon I thought I could make out a slight mist in

Ermiewoode's eye nearest me. I looked in the other eye and discovered a positive fog.

"The volume of a gas at constant temperature varies inversely as the pressure."

The scissors crashed to the floor.

"Wermiewoode," I cried, intoxicated.

"Ermiewoode," she correctly simply.

"My equal, my peer."

How do I know what passed then? I have a vague recollection we repeated quietly together the laws of Archimedes, Pascal, Avogadro, Newton; that she gave the gas formulas, and that I gave the formulas for accelerated motion. She explained the "make work" fallacy, and I retorted with the rules for the use of the comma.

"The pitch of a string rises when the length is decreased, and when the tension is increased, and it is higher for small, light strings."

"The length of a closed pipe is one-fourth the wave length of the fundamental," I replied.

With a common impulse we both rose. She rested her head on my shoulder. And I, without even going for my straw hat, and she without even going for her white fox-skin neckpiece, wandered forth together into the all-enveloping night.

Wilmarth S. Lewis.

"The moo-cow-moo's got a tail like rope En it's raveled down where it grows En it's just like feeling a piece of soap All over the moo-cow's nose."

——I have a friend who exults in sheep. The representation of this well-known quadruped in literature, in art, in real life, even in Ravelesque form of tone-color gives him the keenest pleasure. He delights in the Biblical references to the beast; in the avidity of the eighteenth century for lambs and cupids—(and why, may it be asked, do lambs, of all things, gambol?)—; while clothed in his natural garb the sheep presents the height of black-nosed intelligence, beauty of form and clarity of vocal expression. Behold how wise an owl as he gazes up at you a moment from eager nibbling! How sadly fascinating are his eyes—great wells of nothingness!

All this my friend heartily declares and caps his statements with the "mot" that Mauve has forever clothed the sheep in artistic significance! Before such argumentative onslaughts I have found it advisable to observe strict silence.

Yet I confess to having my friend's identical weakness—only it takes another direction. I detest sheep because of their stupid muddiness, because of their "ba-a-a!" so whinish and annoying—because of their utter lack of imagination! No, sheep will not do. My weakness is cows. By using this term I do not wish to appear forgetful of other members of the bovine family. They all have an equal share of affection in my heart, though I prefer heifers well brought up—moderate with the use of their heels—while it is so much easier to admire bulls over a fence at a comfortable distance—magnificent, defiant, glowering beasts!

But cows are the pièce de résistance. Perhaps I am prejudiced in this since I have known them rather familiarly from childhood—grown up with them, as it were—but not in the country. These kine were those patiently chewing their cud within earshot of that noisesome pestilence the trolley car, and blackening their lungs—(if cows have lungs)—with soft applications of coal soot.

There was generally never more than one of these beasts within our walls at a time, but they took all sorts of hues and shadesfrom a light, delicate, cream-colored Jersey to a dark, reddishbrown thing—a sort of "brindle-bull" type—really quite terrifying-and her name was Dorothy! This beast's memory will ever be deeply revered by me because of a certain happening which occurred rather late one wintry afternoon. When all is said and done Dorothy was not an amiable cow and she harbored no affection for me. In fact, she so resented my intrusion into her secret precincts that I was forced to gain the other side of the fence with all speed. Which done, by theft and bribery I obtained a bucket from a nearby toolhouse and filling it with water as high as I dared—for it was heavy—I managed to present Dorothy with the one bath of her life, as she came snorting down towards the wire squares which separated us. After that no semblance of love was lost between us, but a fearful and wonderful lesson was impressed on my mind-forever!

In spite of this performance my regard for the beasts increased rather than diminished-and soon I was initiated into the mysteries of milking, which were always quite too difficult to fathom, though fascinating to watch—how soft the foam in the bucket and how delightful the dry odor of the crunched hay!—Then with the spring and harsh sounds of the lawn mower. came the chance of carrying baskets of grass to the prisoner and having her blow the blades gently from your hand in her eager green-hunger. And when the hot days came and we went far north, there red oxen drew the hay along the sandy roads or stood placidly near the dark-earthed marshes, unconsciously swinging their ropey tails and disturbing countless mosquitoes. And I admired their bovine cleverness, for who, in a century, could be expected to know that "Gee!" meant to turn to the right and "Haw!" to the left! The derivation was never made clear.

Some people condemn kine for their stupidity, their inertia. They seem so unwantonly, so uninterestingly idle! Yet these same people will delight in a stock yard flowing with blood or will pass a cattle car—that horrible libel on humanity—with the remark: "There goes good beef." While out on a hillside as the sun shadows creep up the green meadows a herd of spotted cattle slowly winds along a trail—their eyes, turned westward, glistening in the sun, and the bells at their necks sounding like soft, far-off echoes.

Yes, by far our kine surpass the scraggly sheep—for have they not gained immortality through the centuries? For in those far-off years did not the blind bard write of "lean kine" and countless heifers and bulls in the time when Helen of the fair hair brought woe upon the Greeks? And how many onyx gems contain the forgotten stories of sacrifices in the cool of the evening when the kine were decked with garlands and with wild-wide-opened eyes watched the blue smoke slowly rise from the altar to the stars of Jove? And gliding through the years we find the brushes of Troyan, of Van Marcke, leading us among sleek herds pausing beside a canal, or well-rounded cattle lowing quietly beneath wind-swayed trees—and on a doorway in a house I know, a rugged Holstein lies, in oils, amid a golden bed of straw, his black-white flanks gleaming in a moted sun path—

his stubby nose tipped with shadow—and there he lies and wonders!

Aloofness from things mundane, ignorance of petty detail, withdrawal from ugly influences—this is the ascetic ideal of kine. Are they mere grazers, selfish Epicureans, heedful only of the present wants of the flesh, childishly irate when denied, sillily happy when satisfied? Or, as they stand idly in sunny flowered fields, what do they see as they sniff the fresh wind?—Have they no thought for the morrow as they lie with bent necks on the plains—mere dots beneath the stars?

Morris B. Belknap.

The Board sat around the table in ominous silence. A lamp burning on the table threw its opalescent light on piles of heavily-scored New York Times, on thousands of wicked imitations of Lit. poetry, on millions of heavily-humorous remarks on Osborn Hall, on trillions of nasty little stings at the expense of Harvard. A Youth with an almost human expression (which showed up oddly in that assemblage) stood surveying the upturned faces of the editors with a look of scornful indignation.

The Chairman spoke.

"You have been called here to-night to answer a singularly grave charge. You have stepped beyond the limitations of a Yale man. Yet somehow I feel myself to blame. I omitted to call attention to this evil in my editorial on 'Advice to Freshmen'—that editorial which held such treasures of hidden hints beneath its thick veneer of humor."

"But," interrupted the Editor who drew so much like the great Butler that even the great Butler himself gasped at the reckless hardihood, "that is begging the question. Yale men should know instinctively the difference between right and wrong. They always have."

An editor who was busily searching for typographical errors in a *Sheff. Monthly* threw aside the copy in disgust, and reached for another.

"Hell," he muttered, and buried himself anew with feverish anxiety.

Silence. The Youth openly sneered.

A deeper attitude of unstudied seriousness dropped over the Board.

Out of the gloomy atmosphere came a voice of authority—the voice of the editor who had spent precious years of Life in concocting the original idea of a short story contest.

"What have you to say for yourself?"

The Youth glared. His was no craven spirit.

"Gentleman of the Board, my only defense is this: My joke was the first in nineteen years to so much as draw a smile from the readers of your august journal. Does that convict me?"

The Chairman glowered. He reached for a heavy volume beside him marked Vol. XIX, 1896. He opened it to page 347. He ran his finger down the page to line 18. He glanced up at the Youth.

"Look," he growled.

The Youth looked. He turned pale and gasped. Huge beads of sweat spattered noisily upon the open book.

"My God." '

The Chairman grinned diabolically.

"It's as plain a case of plagiarism as I ever saw. Come now, confess. You did copy this, didn't you?"

The Board leaned forward, gloatingly, as one man.

The Youth regained his composure.

His voice shook the cobwebs on the ceiling.

"I swear to you I did not copy from that book."

"What?" roared Butler II.

The Youth drew a book from his pocket, hastily scanned its pages, found what he was searching for, and put the volume before the Chairman.

"There is my original. Read," he hoarsely croaked.

The Chairman read aloud.

"Be good and you will be lonesome."

(Signed) MARK TWAIN.

P. G. Hart.

THE INNOVATOR.

(A Pharaoh Speaks.)
I said, "Why should a pyramid
Stand always dully on its base?
I'll change it! Let the top be hid,
The bottom take the apex-place!"
And as I bade they did.

The people flocked in, scores on scores,
To see it balance on its tip.
They praised me with the praise that bores,
My godlike mind on every lip.
...Until it fell, of course.

And then they took my body out From my crushed palace, mad with rage, ... Well, half the town was wrecked, no doubt.... Their crazy anger to assuage By dragging it about.

The end? Foul birds defile my skull.
The new king's praises fill the land.
He clings to precept, grasps at rule;
His pyramids on bases stand.
But...Lord, how usual!

S. V. Benét.

SONG TO A CHILD.

The fisher rows his shallop in the heavy, murky fog, The wild birds are a'calling to the insects in the bog, But go to sleep, my bairnie, like a duckie on a log, Sleep, my little bairnie, cuddle doon.

The fiery bugs are flitting up among the drowsy trees, The crickets start their crooning out upon the dewy leas, But go to sleep, my bairnie, and close those wistful e'es, Sleep, my little bairnie, cuddle doon.

Your daddie on the heathery plain is coming home to you, He went to fight for Jamie lad, so handsome and so true, Then go to sleep, my bairnie, dry, and sheltered from the dew, Sleep, my little bairnie, cuddle doon.

William Douglas.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Clinton R. Black, Jr., 1917 S., was elected Captain of the 1916 football team.

In the annual Yale-Syracuse debate, Yale was defeated by a unanimous decision. Yale upheld the negative of the question: "Resolved, That Immigration be Further Restricted by a Literacy Test."

Basketball Scores to Date.

Yale, 27; Crescent, 31.

Yale, 29; Army, 19.

Yale, 27; Syracuse, 28.

Yale, 29; Pittsburgh, 31.

Yale, 33; Westinghouse A. C., 25.

Yale, 28; Rochester, 25.

Yale, 30; C. C. N. Y., 21.

Yale, 40; Springfield T. S., 27.

Hockey Scores to Date.

Yale, 2; Princeton, 4.

Yale, 0; Princeton, 2.

Yale, 3; Princeton, 1.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Έμε οὖτε καιρὸς οὖτ' έλπὶς οὖτε φόβος οὖτ' ἄλλο οὐδεν ἐπῆρεν.

"I don't know what he means!" wailed Rolle of Hampole, casting down in despair the latest cosmic novelette from the Seer of Farmington's facile "And who wrote this essay on Mormon Mysticism? What does he know about it, stupid ignorant—I shall can it immediately. That type of mind-

The White Rabbit patiently leaned down to rescue the twenty pages of lovely manuscript from the dirty floor. "How many points you do have in common with the Hatter, Richard!" he murmured. "Why, I like this very much—it's very nice." Hastily he scribbled his initials and three exclama-

tion points under his colleague's heavily questioned signature.

Rupey looked up enthusiastically at the assembled multitude over his spectacle rims. "Oh, say, this new thing of the Child's is slick, the best thing he's done-Moon Maidens' Mantles-To A. W.-just listen-" Rabbit daintily waved the Runes of Brigham Young before his eyes. "Your turn," he observed. The poet glowered.—"Here, Poquelin, I've too much poetry to read," immediately becoming reabsorbed in his chosen manuscript. With a gentle smile of kind paternalism, Poquelin reached out his hand. "Oh, yes," he drawled nasally, glancing at the Rabbit's signature, "I'll pass the damn thing."

With a sudden start, the Transcendental Embodiment of Things in General awoke. "What were the rishis?" he inquired of space. "They who having attained the supreme soul in knowledge were filled with wis-

dom, and having found him in union with the soul were in perfect harmony with the inner self." His eyes opened to their widest, his face glowed. Poquelin patted his hand understandingly. "There, there, Diogenes, you take this—it's all right." The professor looked down. "Ah, I remember— The time of realizing our relationship with the All, of entering into everything through union is considered our ultimate end and fulfilment of humanity.' Splendid! Fine!!" His gaze sought the ceiling.

Rolle grunted; -stealthily Rupey and Poquelin extracted Mormon Mysticism from the pile of Things in General and made certain unmistakable marks-

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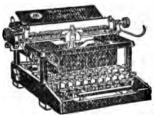
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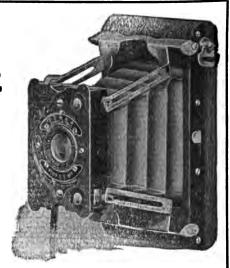


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